The Speaker

A representation of a possible

Single story based off of solid,

Yet stereotypical lies that surround

Us every day.

Beliefs of imperfect views on the world and

Experiences that seem dry, are misrepresentations

Of a disability that does not exist.

Silenced by bullied thoughts have frozen her

In a glue-like position.

Beneath the surface

Her feet shift and slide like vines searching

For something to gain. Intertwined by a knot   
Of pure possibility.

Sudden silence is all that is heard.

She sits

Pathetically pained by the words

Atop your lips, muttering sickness to the world

Though she understands it more.

Blindness is the absence of sight.

Experiences have shaped her into the

Woman she is- Wounded at birth by hatred and

Muttered utterances though

She sees every word being mouthed.

She is a lip-reader surrounded by people who are

Stuck in a world in which no one belongs.

She is a lip-reader for those who cannot read,

A translator for those who cannot speak,

And a light at the end of the tunnel-

Wherever that end may be.

Be no longer silenced by those who fear

What is seen and unseen.

I am the result of a single story in which people

See every day in this world.

I represent the distraught views of disability

I am the defeated single story.